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THE INNIS HERALD

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MASTHEAD 2009-2010

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The *Innis Herald* is the official monthly
newspaper of Innis College at the
University of Toronto.

If you are interested in writing regularly or
submitting art for the *Herald*, please email us.

Submissions are welcomed by all.

Masthead

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Chris Webb

WHY THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT WOULD LIKE TO TAKE AWAY THE EDITORIAL AUTONOMY OF THIS PUBLICATION.

By Katrina Lagacé, Editor-in-Chief 2009-2010

Printing a paper on campus does not come without controversy. Nary a paper at the University of Toronto has been free of lawsuits, printing mistakes and headline gaffes. What follows is the current state of the *Innis Herald*. It may surprise you.

This edition of the *Herald* was about to go to print in June – until we learnt that the editorial autonomy of the paper, along with its guaranteed funding, had been jeopardized. We were forced to think for a few months and gather information during our busy summers in order to address the issues before us.

My editorial was originally going to discuss many of the ideas I had written about in earlier editions. I especially wanted to return to the topic I focused on in my first editorial. Back in September 2009, I compelled students to take the time to write before they graduated. Now, my editorial pages are instead filled with explanations. Rather than encourage writing as I did before, I now am forced to defend it and the writers responsible. Below is my account of the efforts that are being made to take away the editorial freedom of the *Herald*. Telling the whole story would likely take up to six pages of this edition of the paper, so the following will serve as an abbreviated version of the events.

In early June, the incoming Editors-in-Chief for the 2010-2011 year and I received a memo from the Innis College Student Society (ICSS) President. This memo outlines the President's intentions to eventually dissolve the *Herald* as it currently stands. The *Herald* is not worthy of having a budget (from a levy that amounts to \$5.00 per Innis student) nor its self-appointed masthead, according to the President, because there is not enough Innis involvement and Innis content in the paper. It deserves to be shut down in its current state because it does not report news and instead chooses to focus on arts and cultural commentary.

In short, the President seeks to pass a motion by way of the ICSS – the Innis student body that allocates money to the *Herald* – in the fall that will cease to fund the paper and require it to surrender the title of the “*Innis Herald*” and all of its assets by October 31st, 2010. Then, two Innis College students will be appointed as new Editors-in-Chief by the ICSS no later than November 1st and a new constitution will be drafted by January 1st, 2011. These actions will be determined by an exploratory committee consisting of the Editors of the *Herald* appointed by myself, an Editor appointee, the ICSS President, an ICSS appointee, an appointee of the Innis Residence Council, and a representative of another University of Toronto newspaper.

I learnt of this memo weeks after I had already appointed a large masthead for the next academic year, which is required as the outgoing Editor. Weeks prior to receiving the memo, I had informed the President of this fact. I was aware that the *Herald* was a unique paper on campus, as it has almost always been, but I had no suspicions that someone I had talked to on a nearly daily basis felt so strongly about the direction of the *Herald*.

One of the President's main concerns is that the incoming Editors are not Innis students, and that most of the contributions from our last issue were not written by Innisians. My answer to this is the same as the responses of numerous past Editors, which are outlined on the following pages – that a student paper does not write itself. This past year, the *Herald's* advertisements went up primarily within the Innis compound and within the paper itself, which encouraged students to get involved; and there were only a handful of articles we could not print this past year. Although the President argues that the paper lacks Innis content, no articles were ever turned away on the grounds that they reported on the College. We printed what we received from our contributors.

Also problematic to the President is the *Herald's* lack of ICSS content. Because the *Herald* did not receive any contributions regarding anything ICSS related, including story ideas or advertisements, I feel that the problems the President highlights in his memo are not ones that relate only to the *Herald*. Instead, they speak to overall issues regarding involvement with student life at the University of Toronto and the make-up of the College as well.

Regarding the claims that in 2007, the *Herald* changed its focus from one of College commentary to one of arts and cultural critique, I would contend that a true survey of past issues of the *Herald* shows that from 1965 to 2007, every issue contained a large portion of fiction, poetry, film reviews and cultural reappraisal. It is true that in the past decade, there has been less of an active engagement by writers with regard to the college's activities, but responsibility should not be borne, as the President believes, by the shoulders of one party; confirmation of this fact can be found in the very way in which the President has decided to approach the problem at hand.

As I made clear in my editorials over this past academic year, my goal was to challenge writers to think differently about what it meant to write for a student newspaper and to use the *Herald* as a place to showcase critical thinking. Not everyone agrees that the *Innis Herald* is the place for such an endeavour. However, the editorial autonomy of the *Innis Herald* should not be taken away from the current appointed masthead because of the goals set out by previous incarnations of the *Herald*.

This publication has never been a monolith. Just as the ICSS, the College and the University have changed hands and faces over the course of forty-five years, so with the *Herald*. For many years, the *Herald* was a place to voice the Editorial's disenchantment with the ICSS.

CON'T ON PAGE 7

RETROSPECTIVES FROM PAST INNIS HERALD CONTRIBUTORS

Being Editor of the *Innis Herald* was one of the highlights of my undergraduate years at Innis College.

I inherited the position of Editor from the estimable Fred Mott, a lovely guy who brought a tone of community reporting that, while informative, didn't take itself too seriously. Jim Shedden and Paul Della Penna, who took over from me, transformed the *Herald* into art. It was great fun producing the paper, especially the late/all night sessions wrestling linotype into place with a great group of people, many of whom became lifelong friends. We all learned a lot, whether it was how to cajole articles from delinquent reporters, writing and editing to a deadline, or simply how to work as a team. In retrospect, writing an article about the Innis intramural volleyball team may not seem consequential – but for the team, being in the *Herald* signaled being part of a larger College community. The formation and nurturing of that community remains at the heart of what a College newspaper offers, whether it means weighing in on controversial issues, covering a CINSSU film event, providing a space for budding arts writers, insulting the New College newspaper, or just quoting the jocks. Facebook and Twitter may provide faster news but the physicality of newsprint provides the College with a history. Look at an old *Herald* someday and you will see a time capsule that captures the culture of a place – an institution that provides most of us with the most formative experiences of our youth. Losing a tradition as

venerable and iconoclastic as the *Innis Herald* is regrettable.

—Michael Zryd, past *Innis Herald* Editor-in-Chief

As a longstanding reader, contributor, and former staff member of the *Innis Herald*, I was understandably alarmed when I learned of the ICSS's intentions to commandeer the paper. After carefully reading and reflecting on the arguments presented by ICSS President Jack Phelan, I reached a conclusion that some might find surprising: I kind of, maybe, don't entirely disagree with him.

This is not to say that I agree. I should make it perfectly clear that I most certainly do not stand behind Mr. Phelan's motion to deny the *Herald* its constitutionally-guaranteed funding, and the idea that the ICSS could order the *Herald* to cease publication and hand over its assets is objectionable and unfounded. Nonetheless, Mr. Phelan's argument is not without merit. He has raised several issues regarding the *Herald's* governance, composition and content, which have gone unaddressed in recent years and can no longer be ignored.

To give the reader some background on my connection to the *Herald*: I became involved in the *Herald* on my first day as a University of Toronto (and Innis College) student in

2004. The Editors-in-Chief were, at that time, Stephanie Silverman and Corey Katz. Their genuine passion for student journalism made me want to get involved – which I did, as Media Representative. In that role, I liaised with members of the film, television and music industries to obtain interviews, CDs, movie passes, concert tickets and other benefits requested by the *Herald's* writers. At that time, there was an enthusiastic and dedicated group of *Herald* contributors. Not all of them were Innis College students. Some were film students from other colleges who became familiar with the *Herald* because of Innis College's affiliation with UofT's film program. Some were acquaintances of the editors. Wherever they came from, they were good writers, and they made people want to read the *Herald*.

I served as Associate Editor for the next two years, first under Stephen Hutchison's 2005-2006 editorship and then Jennifer Charles' 2006-2007 editorship. Each month, the *Herald* would post a call for submissions around Innis (both the college and the residence), and each month, we received fewer and fewer submissions. Our efforts to solicit contributions only resulted in more submissions from "med school kids" – students who would submit some short and predictably mediocre piece, then request a glowing letter of reference for their contribution, upon the receipt of which they would never bother to write for us again. Many

of the students who had written for the *Herald* in its lively 2004–2005 term had graduated and moved on to bigger and better things, and nobody seemed interested in replacing them. Some months we would receive two or three submissions, and would have no choice but to postpone publication until more came in.

Mr. Phelan points to the summer of 2007 as a turning point for the *Herald*, when it “changed the focus of its content toward artistic commentary and creative writing.” It was at the beginning of that summer that Chris Heron and I were elected as Editors-in-Chief of the *Herald*. By then we had learned that the only students who would regularly contribute to the *Herald* were those with a real interest in writing. These were the students who regularly submitted their short stories, poems, and film reviews. To reflect the tone of the majority of our submissions, we gave the paper a more stylish, sophisticated appearance. This never stopped us from publishing silly fluff (guilty as charged: I wrote about my summer job in a lingerie store and reviewed a Backstreet Boys CD). The aim of revamping the *Herald*’s image in 2007 was to encourage, not discourage, contributions.

Mr. Phelan contends that the Innis College student body is being forced to fund “a publication over which they have no control and in which they have little stake or interest.” This is simply untrue. The *Herald* runs on volunteer contributions. Literally anyone can submit anything to the *Herald* (In my four years there, we only rejected one submission, and the backlash would have been far worse if we had published it). The students of Innis College have control over the *Herald* insofar as they are welcome to submit articles, artwork or other content as they please. Unless it’s flagrantly offensive – a standard which we were always pretty flexible about, especially in months where submissions lagged – the *Herald* will publish it. The students of Innis College also plainly have a stake in the paper, given that their tuition funds it. Innis College students’ general lack of interest in the *Herald* is more symptomatic of apathy than a lack of control over or stake in the publication.

Though I acknowledge the validity of many of the issues Mr. Phelan has raised, particularly the sense of disconnect between Innis College students and the *Herald*, his proposed solutions are unnecessarily drastic. The ICSS wants to see more “news” in the newspaper, but they

must remember that a newspaper does not write itself. Overhauling the current *Herald* by replacing its editors and stripping it of funding would not only be an unprecedented and unwarranted move, but would also be futile to ICSS’s stated goals. The *Herald* will not change until there are students willing and able to contribute quality work on a monthly basis. I know that it is possible to foster a strong connection between the *Herald* and Innis College while still maintaining operational and editorial autonomy, because I experienced it in my early days with the publication. My message is to restore this happy medium – a task that will require communication, cooperation and compromise between all those involved in the conflict.

—Christine Creighton, *Innis Herald* Editor-in-Chief, 2007–2008

I was the editor of the *Innis Herald*, along with Paul Della Penna, for 1985–1986, after writing for the paper the previous year. It was one of the most amazing experiences of my life. Aside from learning a little more about how to write and how to edit, I learned about photography, design, time management and most importantly people. I had never done anything that required such intense collaboration, negotiation, humility, patience, love and tolerance as editing the paper. This was not just with the contributors and paper staff, but the ICSS, Innis College administration, instructors, students not involved in the paper, other papers, the Varsity staff (who helped us a lot), our printer and many others I’ve forgotten.

In early 1986 we purchased our first computer – a Mac 512 (the “fat Mac”) – which allowed us to partially digitize the design and production process. My first experience with computers started a love affair with computers (especially Apple) that continues to this day.

I can say that so many of the people who contributed to the paper in those days went on to become professional writers, producers, designers, and creative souls in general. I can’t speak for everyone, but I know my experience at the *Herald* played a pivotal role in my future work writing, editing, making films and producing all manner of creative outputs. Today I am the managing editor of all the AGO’s art catalogues and other books, as well as an arts programmer and writer.

Besides that, the *Herald* gave a lot of us a home, a place to contribute to the College and student life.

—Jim Shedden, *Innis Herald* Editor-in-Chief, 1985–1986

I was involved with the *Innis Herald* for all four years of my undergraduate studies at the University of Toronto. It turned out to be an essential stepping stone in my journey towards becoming a better writer. One important quality that inevitably makes you consider more closely how you write is through having your writing available for others to read through an official publication – something that the *Herald* gave me a taste of. It served as the perfect platform for me to develop my writing style and become accustomed to writing film reviews and larger scale think pieces, complete with all the responsibilities and constraints of a student-run newspaper. The creative freedoms that came with the job were also greatly appreciated, as my Editors were always open to me trying out new ideas, which in turn further built up my confidence and enthusiasm. To cap it all off, it felt good writing for the official paper of Innis College. It made me feel closer to my “home” college, and feel some responsibility for representing it to a degree – especially since I was both a film critic and, like so many of Innis’ students, taking the Cinema Studies program, which is at the very heart of Innis. The *Herald* gives Innis a distinct voice among the other campus colleges and allows its students to represent themselves as part of a distinct team, instead of having to choose to write for another college’s paper. The *Innis Herald* provides a sense of communal solidarity and an outlet for the College’s unique individuals to express themselves through (in many cases for the first time), and it would truly be a shame to see it taken away by those who fail to see its true value for students and readers alike.

—Marc Saint-Cyr, *Innis Herald* former contributor and Associate Editor

Of all the hazy, sepia-toned memories I have of my university years, those in sharpest focus are the ones I have of my time co-editing The *Innis Herald* with my good friend Jim Shedden – a friend I still keep in contact with to this day, twenty-five years later.

CON’T ON NEXT PAGE

I vividly remember listening to The Smiths non-stop on our portable cassette-player and eating atrocious junk food during bleary-eyed, late night editing sessions trying to meet self-imposed deadlines. I remember our shiny new – well, dull beige – cutting edge Macintosh computer and how the very nature of editing type changed overnight. I remember Jim and I thinking of outrageous, salacious headlines meant to shock and delight our fellow students, and experimenting with wild, fanzine-inspired, post-punk layout design. And more importantly, I remember how we and all our contributors tried to make *The Herald* distinct from the other overly earnest student papers on campus, in its voice and look, to speak above the administration and student council and engage in direct conversation with Innis students.

It would be a terrible shame if the formative experiences we had running a student paper: a training ground for would-be writers; an outlet for our creative impulses; a forum to adopt different personae; and, of course, an exercise in civic responsibility, were denied to future Innis students.

—Paul Della Penna, past *Innis Herald* Editor-in-Chief

In the way it offers thoughtful, in-depth, often hilariously esoteric articles about art and culture, with an emphasis on film, the *Innis Herald* is unique among University of Toronto student newspapers: it is the only campus publication that reads like a literary journal. An average issue might contain a two-page compare/contrast piece on Paul Thomas Anderson and Quentin Tarantino, or a much-needed defense of Jody Hill's underrated masterpiece *Observe and Report*, or short stories, or full-page visual art, or even a roundtable discussion of *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* (a frustratingly forgiving one, if memory serves – oh well, nothing wrong with the free exchange of ideas, I guess). On a personal level, I've appreciated the *Herald* for allowing me to have an outlet for my own obsessions. I can't think of anywhere else that would have allowed me to spend 1,000 words reviewing a direct-to-DVD animated sequel to *The Nutty Professor* (Jerry Lewis version, natch). I hope this isn't the last issue.

—Will Sloan, *Innis Herald* contributor

I have very fond memories of the *Innis Herald* and its staff in that stuffy and wonderfully creaky third floor office.

Many of us were new to the college newspaper scene, and the openness, focus on culture, and creativity that were the foundations of the paper meant that we had a great time making it up as we went along. What a shame to have it shut down!

—Judy Josefowicz, past *Innis Herald* Editor-in-Chief, Artscape Project Manager – Regent Park Arts & Cultural Centre

When I was asked by a student writer working for the *Innis Herald* to take part in a profile, I had no hesitation in agreeing. There are precious few interactions between students and professors in written media on this campus; and the profile turned out very well indeed. I am using it as a personal profile for a web site in a large course I am teaching next term, and it is an impressive document, well executed.

I have taught philosophy for over thirty years and am still reading the newspapers that the students are writing and editing for each other. This is part of my teaching practice: I feel I should get to know the voices of the students whom I teach. I published one of my first essays in *Red Herring*, an Oxford undergraduate political fortnightly, and when I came back to Canada and became a Fellow of Trinity College, I published several essays in the Trinity College student newspaper *Salterae*. Such publication venues are part of a long tradition which adds real value to our colleges and universities; they enable the community to communicate better with itself while providing interested volunteer students an opportunity to plan and produce a complex published written document.

I am informed by the *Herald* staff writer who asked me to participate in the profile that for internal reasons the future of the publication is in question. The answer to the question must surely be 'yes, it should continue.' I don't feel it would be responsible to consent to a further degradation of the student experience at the University of Toronto.

—Professor Doug Hutchinson, University of Toronto

There was a vitality that I saw in the *Innis Herald* when I became co-editor with Christine Creighton in 2007. This vitality was located in the possibilities of a paper that was not necessarily chained to the demands of a specific tradition. Certainly, there is a long history of the *Innis Herald* as a publication, but if the paper were to suddenly veer in another direction, it would not be upsetting the expectations of anyone. Indeed, part of the goal of our tenure at the paper was to refine the positive extant elements, and push others into directions not necessarily found in any other campus newspaper. This latter point was key, as the *Innis Herald*, however it is understood to exist within the landscape of the University of Toronto student newspapers, is nonetheless pitted against these papers in its operation. Thus, it was an early goal to at the very least differentiate ourselves from other newspapers.

The *Innis Herald*, as a monthly release, better resembles a magazine than a newspaper proper, and that element was immediately underscored aesthetically (through a cover page, table of contents, border motif, etc.), while providing the according range of writing and artwork, which could extend across different subjects, tones and forms. There was no programmatic 'type' of *Innis Herald* article. We simply sought to publish the best of what was submitted each month.

It is important to note here that due to the amount of newspapers at the University, not only was differentiation necessary to foster readership, but was also attempted in the hopes of attracting writers and artists, of whom there are only so many within the student body – many involved already in other newspapers. The differentiation, then, extended so that regardless of what specifically was written, the *Innis Herald* would exist as a unified, somewhat provocative and certainly different object: a magazine/newspaper hybrid that took its very form from this interstitial position and included an awareness of this position alongside the writing itself. This was not meant to dissuade readers or function in lieu of content – though both may certainly have been the case at times – but rather remind the reader that every aspect of the paper had been delivered with care, conceptualization and commitment on the behalf of those involved with every step of the paper's production. In fact, the goal was democratic in its inclusion of the aforementioned range of work and the desire for a growing body of

involvement by indicating what could be accomplished with a body of writers somewhat less in number than that of *The Varsity*. And it wasn't *The Varsity*, nor was it any other newspaper. It was the *Innis Herald*. In this sense, there was a valuable differentiation that occurred and whether or not the *Herald* was tailored to every reader is beside the point. The plethora of newspapers offered at the University is what permits the *Innis Herald* to occur and is exactly what should occur: the possibility of choice, where the different interests of the students as readers and contributors will be matched at some level in the newspapers.

To relegate a valuable publication such as this to mere newsletter status, of which there are already other platforms fulfilling this requirement, would be to undercut what the paper has accomplished, and belie the circumstance that has fostered these accomplishments.

—Chris Heron, *Innis Herald* Editor-in-Chief
2007-2009

The future of the *Innis Herald* has, through motions which could only be described as designing and hidebound, been seriously called into question. A document sent to the paper, which to its credit has perfected the subtle art of arm-waving, describes a bid to deny the *Herald* subsequent funding before the Editorial can address the charges contained therein (what the man of science I believe calls a "sucker punch"). Ranging from the preposterous to the astute, I find it extremely difficult to view the allegations seriously — they are ill-conceived, poorly researched and containing as much thought as required to scratch oneself. It is helpful to consider that none of the charges against the paper include any claim of financial irresponsibility or malfeasance on the part of anyone on the Editorial. Tell me then, what sense there is in closing down the paper, firing its masthead, reopening the paper, appointing interim editors to convert the *Herald* into an advertising wing of a student group, and then asking anyone left from the original masthead still possessing masochistic urges, to apply for a budget the following year if they still believe in their beloved college newspaper. This change to the *Herald's* publishing procedure will very likely require a constitutional challenge, reorganizing the *Herald's* structure to a print-on-demand basis, and not one that is guaranteed funding from the Innis student levy. The interim editors here make sense, as

the paper simply put, cannot be shut down outright. Not for the moment anyway.

I do not especially enjoy being told that despite taking several courses through the College and contributing to its student newspaper for years, or that because I live in an attic and not in the Innis Residence, that to the contrary of what I have come to believe, I am in point of fact not deemed an "Innis student." Now, if content is policed to the extent that those not belonging to the college proper are discouraged the ability to send submissions, or if content that does not pertain to the college is denied, and a situation arises, which was and still is quite often the case, that no Innis student submits Innis-related content, then the result is naturally, quite simple: the edition in question is never released. This confirms my belief that all these discussions about ending the paper stem not from the interests of improving the quality of so-called Innis student campus life, and certainly not from the provision of a forum for aspiring writers to congregate and develop their skills. But perhaps the *Herald's* funding *would* be put to better uses; why, I can already see the bolstering of spirits of those stout-hearted champions of poker nights and laser tag excursions about which I keep hearing vague murmurings.

That the death knell of the *Herald* had been tolling for months in the minds of a few is to me perfectly obvious. For what other reason could account for the absence of such puling voices of disapproval at last year's open meeting regarding the *Herald's* direction and the role of the student newspaper? Under what other circumstances, where rectifying the criticisms against the paper — which the incoming editors are ready to do, now that they know such charges exist and it has been absolutely proven that, like the rest of the human species, they do not possess the ability to read minds — is in close view, would the dismantling of a forty-five-year-old paper make any sense at all? I am doubtful that the instigators of the charges against the paper have something that even remotely resembles an answer.

—Jean Marc Ah-Sen, *Innis Herald*
Contributor 2008-2010, Webmaster 2009-2010 ☹

CON'T FROM PAGE 3

At other times, editorials focused on student engagement and apathy. And in some years, the *Herald* masthead included many members of the ICSS.

If I had been confronted with such comments outlined in the memo earlier in the year, the masthead and I would have respectfully worked through many of the issues with ICSS. There is no need for drastic measures and histrionic displays of outrage, as the incoming Editors are open to having a dedicated space for Innis and ICSS related material.

For the reasons outlined above, I hope that the ICSS will not follow through in its goals and that these issues will be resolved without having to take the issue to a vote. The incoming Editors may have a lot of work to do this fall, but I trust that they are ready for what the year might bring.

I would like to take this opportunity to officially welcome Juan Llamas Rodriguez and Karam El Masri as Editors-in-Chief of the *Innis Herald*, and to thank everyone who has been involved with the *Herald* over the past year. A special thank you goes out to all of our contributors from this past year. No *Herald* would exist without you. A very special thank-you also goes out to the other amazing papers across campus and their Editors. You have grown on me. I also need to thank all of the past editors and contributors who have come forward in support of the *Herald*. Thanks to all those who submitted their art and photography, including Elysse Leonard, Felix Kalmenson, Jean Marc Ah-Sen, Tom Cardoso, Tim Banman, Ahmed Kassem, Victoria Cowen, Leila Panjvani, Micheal Toledano, Justin Lagace, Chris Webb and Hugh Langis. I would like to thank all Editors who made the paper possible: Brittney Teasdale, Vincent Ho, Allison Ardal, Juan Llamas Rodriguez and Karam El Masri.

I would like to take this final paragraph to thank the *Innis Herald* for introducing me to a young gallant writer. This writer's ability to excite and inspire me was truly unforeseen. Jean Marc Ah-Sen has met all of my deadlines and has had an article published in each edition of the *Herald* for the past two years. ☹

SHOOTING RAW IN THE ART OF CAPTURE

By Jean Marc Ah-Sen

Jeff Macnab talks to Jean Marc Ah-Sen about the ins and outs of the Canadian film and television industry, breaking in, and the evolution of digital video capture.

Jean Marc Ah-Sen: We're rolling. Could you layout what your technical background is?

Jeff Macnab: I'm really to be honest pretty green. I've only been working in the industry for just over a year. I didn't anticipate working for them: nice job, good money, bored as hell. So I went back to school, and I actually studied audio engineering, which is even more competitive than the film industry. When it came time for me to pay the bills, through a mutual family friend, I just kind of fell into the business.

JMA: Is there a certain aspect of film production that you're more comfortable with?

JM: Do you mean as far as a technical position or the whole philosophy of capturing?

JMA: Both - both sound good.

JM: The thing I like about film most - and it's the same reason I'm so interested in audio - is the whole art of capturing any concept of reality, be it realistic or not. To decide upon an actual position I'd favour is a bit tough to say. Right now I'm working in camera, but I'd enjoy doing any position that would garner me artistic input. Anyone you talk to, they're going to say, "I want to be a director of photography" because you're in control of so many aspects of the look. But there's more to it than that I find, even with being a camera operator or a focus puller. Albeit they're very technical positions,

they do have an element of artistic input into the whole creation. As far as capturing goes for audio, I'm attracted to the post-world, because that's where you can take a depiction of reality and manipulate it into anything you wish. With sound design, you're re-creating elements that you can't capture generally, or amplifying them to increase that illusion of reality.

JMA: Can you walk me through your getting into the industry? That's often a point a lot of people are interested in and frustrated about, that initial push.

JM: What I find really interesting about this whole industry and any media related profession is that you're always expected to work for free to get in and if you don't know anybody, it's very difficult. One of the reasons I went to school was because I had the assumption that that would be a way to meet people and get into it. But it's as if, "If you can't do it, you teach it." And I've met very good teachers, but I've learned a lot more from working than by paying for knowledge. That being said, to get back to what you actually asked, I got out of school and I was searching for positions in studios and editing houses with post-production sound in mind. When none of those ideas came to fruition, I had a friend who was a director of photography in the reality world and he hooked it up with the production manager at the show he was working on to have me go in to do a sound assist position. So me with no set experience, I got to show up on set and shadowed a location sound guy. From there, and meeting with production managers and teams, I got an opportunity to work as a boom operator. When they didn't need someone like that, I'd be an onset production assistant. I did a lot of things I wasn't happy to do, but it's the nature of the business. It's all based on networking on trust. So you give a little to get a little. I got into the idea that

I wanted to try to get into camera and had it suggested to me that I should try to unionize myself. Camera is the most lucrative position below the line in film: you have the most input and it's the most respected position, because without a camera, it's not cinema, and a lot of people are of that belief. It can be the case, but it's a very dated mentality. Everybody's there and they're just as important as everybody else. That respect is something that is lost at times in old school mentality. That's another matter I'll touch on later. Anyways, getting into camera. I heard stories that people wait six months to a year to even get an interview. I called to enquire about how to apply and it was a dry spell for applications. Within a week, I was on set, sight unseen. Next thing I know, I'm in a studio pulling an eighteen-hour day. Reality world's much different - run and gun, they shoot eight, ten hours tops. From there, it was a matter of getting on anything that I could, meeting as many people, and learning as much about the technical aspects of the job without stepping out of bounds from the old school mentality, which fluctuated.

JMA: It seems that the gist is that if you want to get into this industry, unionization is the way to go to make an honest buck of it.

JM: I wouldn't necessarily agree with that. The union will give you the illusion of safety. You're paying dues, you work on bigger shows, you have a good chance of working with professional people. But it's just as likely that you'll find professional people outside the union world. It's essentially a boys club... I need to think of a better word than "boys club." But it's a club mentality: very network-oriented and you have to fit in to work. It's entirely based on who you know, who you rely on, and whether or not they can rely on you. And so for a lot of people that's difficult, because there's only a certain circle that works in the union, and of that circle, a smaller circle within it is busy all the time. The only reason that people seem to unionize is because you have backing and you have protection against people overworking you. In the commercial world, that can be the case - I'm sure anyone who's worked on a music video is a testament to that. Certain things are instilled when you work with the union because they have contracts prior to actually doing any production: set hours, set overtime, travel, things like that. They're contract jobs, so in order to work on certain gigs, if it's a union gig, there's no other way in. It's more so based on what you want to do, than



one being better than the other.

JMA: You probably have more than just an inkling about the drawbacks or areas in need of improvement within the industry. Can you further address that?

JM: The biggest issue right now is change. Things are happening in the video world that will change the way things are done and it's as simple as saying that the technology is becoming more advanced and a lot of the people who are working in the union are of another demographic. They come from the world of film, where ten years ago, digital cameras weren't even something to be considered. Certain mentalities and methods were derived from that type of work, which won't necessarily apply to everything that's happening now or better yet, what will be happening. Prosumerism is becoming more and more a reality in the camera world: you go from having two hundred thousand dollar cameras, professional grade HD cameras that capture on tape, to having newer cameras that cost twenty grand and they're tapeless format. They work with hard drives, all ones and zeros, and the aspect of having a finite medium to capture to is gone. The manipulability based on that I find a lot of people aren't prepared for. Some

DPs are very old school and they will adjust everything before capture as you would with film, because back then there was only so much you could do in post-processing. Before it was like, adjust it as much as possible so you get the best picture of what your intention it is to capture. With digital, you capture the clearest picture possible, not over or under exposed, dealing with just what the sensor is capturing, so that it can be manipulated afterwards. Let's say you're shooting Red for example: it shoots a raw uncompressed format, and shutter speed, lens configurations - f-stop, focus, any glass you put in front of the lens - these things would be in the forefront, as those are the only things in digital that can't be changed after the capture. ISO rating, your colour gamut, colour space, your grading, even just tweaks of your luminance and saturation, white balance, colour temperature - all of these things now are arbitrary and the whole sense of, which always has been a joke to say, "Oh, we'll fix it in post," is not a joke anymore, and it's actually a reality that some people just don't understand. Which makes perfect sense. It's almost backwards to how things used to be, as far as the capturing process goes. It's a drastic change because certain things don't matter. The look obviously still matters, but the method of capture should be more attuned to what exactly you want to

get. Like how much you want to be in focus, or another example would be little things like frame rate or shutter speed; if you want it to be blurred like film or look like something you'd see on a sports channel. I'd focus more on adjusting sensitivity and reference than actually trying to make it perfect, because you can tweak all that after the fact, which is something you couldn't do before, at least not nearly to the extent now, and it's all because of this meta-data. You pull up a file that's been recorded on a camera that shoots raw and then immediately after, first thing you see is that you can change your colour temperature or grading. Some cameras you have to set the grading within the camera before you capture it and it's written in stone in the file mostly because they're compressed formats and you use algorithms to process how it captures the image. Shooting raw, there's no processing like that. It's exactly what the sensor sees and it brings forth a different mentality to how to capture. It's the same as in working in audio from reel to reel. You could saturate a tape and you'd have to write a lot of things in and there's no going back like when you're dealing with compression or equalization. There are similar counterparts in video that used to be written in stone. Now,

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Katrina Lagace



WE'RE MAKING MYTHICAL THE MUNDANE TODAY:

By Eandi Beers

What weird and wonderful places I have been to. I have been to Antarctica, the Falkland Islands, South Georgia Island, and the southernmost city in the world, Ushuaia, Argentina. I have sat on a hill surrounded by sheep that were hanging out with penguins, I have weathered a storm at sea and I have tiptoed past angry and lethargic seals to get to Ernest Shackleton's grave. I have watched hundreds of penguins mill around a white sand beach. I have seen the beauty of my surroundings bring tears to the eyes of a grown man. I have hung out with seal pups in the rain. The best part is that I was paid to do this. I was a bartender on an expedition cruise ship named the *Lyubov Orlova* this past winter, which meant that I sailed with passengers through the roughest seas in the world to one of the most remote and mysterious places in the world: Antarctica. The entire season had its share of bizarre and beautiful moments, but on the cruise that spanned Christmas and New Year's I felt as though I'd fallen through the looking glass.

On December 22nd I sat on a green rolling hill above a white sand beach on Saunders Island, in the Falklands, where penguins roamed with sheep on sloping green hills. Out in the water about nine black-and-white dolphins spent the afternoon flirting with our Zodiaks and over yonder Vladimir, one of our Zodiak drivers, was swimming in the ocean. I, on the other hand, was appropriately bundled up for the brisk spring day. It dawned on me at this moment how fitting this unlikely scene was: just like the sheep hanging out with penguins, I was hanging out on a sub-Antarctic white sand beach on the Falkland Islands. It was Christmas time, and somehow summer solstice had just happened.

Christmas Eve was the night I weathered my first storm at sea. In technical terms it was a nine on the Beaufort Scale: Winds were 55-60 knots, waves were six meters, and the ship was rolling twenty to twenty-five degrees. In human terms I can only attempt to describe the scene on the ship: I was busy securing tables that had slid across the library and picking up broken miscellaneous things that had flown when we hit waves. It was while I was doing this that a particularly massive wave hit the ship, causing it to sway a full thirty degrees. It was all I could do to just hold on where I was standing, listen to the sounds of

crashing all around, and hope that nothing important was being destroyed. Now, I've never been in an earthquake, but I can imagine that this wave has given me a relatively accurate idea of what one must feel like. A fridge fell over, a range came completely out of the wall in the galley, one hundred Caprese salads flew off the buffet table and onto the floor in the dining room, and a passenger broke a rib when she was knocked out of her chair. Dinner service was cancelled and we delivered meals to passengers in their cabins. An additional obstacle was that the storm caused an oil spill in the galley, making our trips to pick up meals an exercise in waiting for the ship to tilt the correct direction so we could skate from point A to point B, because taking a proper step was no longer possible. Lastly, although our ship's Expedition Leader strongly urged passengers to stay safely in their cabins, many decided that this night was the perfect time to party, so I was busy serving customers throughout all of this. Needless to say, Christmas Eve left me exhausted.

Christmas Day this year meant a series of things. A staff party and gift exchange. A rare starry night sky. Many Christmas cookies followed by a Christmas cookie stomach ache. Christmas carols in my bar. Watching youngins dance to Lady GaGa while I sat and talked about the good old days with our ship's historian. No snow, no turkey, no month-long inundation with All Things Christmas. In fact, it was only a few days before the 25th when it actually dawned on me that 'twas the Season.

Then, as Christmas passed us by we reached the remote, sub-Antarctic menagerie of South Georgia Island; a place where King Penguins congregate by the thousands, fur seals have taken over old whaling stations, reindeer share beaches with elephant seals, and a deep green grass climbs rolling hills. About a century ago it was the heart of the whaling industry. It lies in the middle of the Southern Ocean, two and a half days sail from the Falkland Islands. It is unassuming on a map but stunningly beautiful in real life.

On December 28th we sailed to a place called Grytvicken, on South Georgia Island. I have never imagined there could be a spot in the world quite like this. A Norwegian whaler named Carl Larsen first discovered the site. The first time he sailed into the bay he found

A CHRISTMAS IN ANTARTICA

it absolutely teeming with whales. It wasn't long before Grytvicken became the most industrious whaling station in the world, exporting whale products to England that were to become everything from fuel for streetlamps to make-up, perfume and corsets. There was a time when a whopping nine hundred and twenty people called this place home and a walk on the beach would have been a walk from whale carcass to whale carcass.

Today Grytvicken is nestled on three sides by mountains and on one by a narrow bay. A solitary gravel path weaves past a church, a whalers' cemetery, a museum, a couple of slowly deteriorating shipwrecks and the rusted remnants of whaling machinery. Elephant seals and King penguins have since taken over the land and they pepper the landscape.

The famous explorer Ernest Shackleton is buried at the whalers' cemetery and our visits to Grytvicken included a toast of rum at his grave. The path to the site is a scene straight out of a Tolkien novel. The short trail winds up a fairly steep grassy hill, rutted with small pools of water that reflect sunshine. Lying out in the sun by the dozen are elephant and fur seals, so numerous that one must weave a careful path around them. Some of the seals take no concern of the visitors, but others hiss and grunt and gnash their teeth; they've even been known to attack. They are the de facto gatekeepers of the whalers' cemetery.

The place is unreal. If there was a spot in the world the deserved to be called mythical, Grytvicken is it.

I spent my New Years Eve Day at sea. During the afternoon we sailed through an ice field. There was no wind and the sun shone brilliantly. The scenery was in fact so stunning that a passenger came up to me with tears in his eyes and ordered a glass of champagne. The landscape brought to mind a quote by a man named Frank Worsley who sailed a little ship called the *Endurance* through these same waters some ninety years ago: "Many of the tabular bergs appear like huge warehouses and grain elevators, but more look like the creations of some brilliant architect when suffering from delirium."

At midnight we toasted with champagne at the top of the ship. We were anchored in the Southern Ocean,

somewhere off the coast of Coronation Island and sea was as still as a lake.

The New Years' party was raucous. One man slept with a glass of champagne in his hand at the end of the night, another drunkenly made out with two different girls within a half hour on the dance floor, and a trio of Dutch passengers did a dancing, yelping, drum circle thing in the smoking area of the ship. One of them was even dancing up the wall somehow.

At one in the morning the Russian crew put on a play, one of their annual traditions. This year's production was in homage to a series of Russian fairy tales, but to me it seemed more like a Slavic *Alice in Wonderland* mixed with a Christmas theme. The play featured a dancing man wearing a log cabin as a costume, a knight in shining armour, a few witches and a heroine that would intermittently lip sync Russian pop music. My boss had a cameo as what I could only guess was an eccentric billionaire: he appeared onstage dressed all in white, in a wheelchair, wearing sunglasses with red and green blinking lights on them. He asked for a glass of water, died and end scene. Then, to culminate the production, a juggling penguin, a reindeer and the cottage all came out and danced to a techno version of jingle bells. It was bizarre, albeit jolly way to usher in 2010.

Finally, at four in the morning, when the party was over and almost everybody was in bed, I took a moment for myself. I sat at the very top of the stairs on the very top of the ship and watched the lazy curving wake left by the *Lyubov Orlova* in the sunrise-lit bluish orangey sea as it sailed through those beautiful madhouse icebergs.

There is a Czech superstition that maintains that a person's year will reflect the qualities of the New Year's Eve that precedes it. In retrospect, I believe that this old Czech adage has a grain of truth to it: if one doesn't instigate change, indeed nothing will change. If one eschews routine and lives the life of an explorer, wandering across oceans and continents and valleys and hills, the world will surprise them. Here's to the bizarre.



COMPOSITION

By Sofia Ivannikova

Exploring the city.

The upper echelon of the democratic process does not demand that we evaluate each voice for qualification, I mean, I'm sorry, call me judgmental, but who's ever talked to those people, you know, who you just can't seem to... their eyes are like glazed over, and they tell you they're writing a novel, and it turns out to be taking place on another planet....

I didn't do the short fiction contest, (had prior engagements), this radium-age sci-fi tidbit to impress a certain someone* of certain importance*, I'm dignified in believing that I'll still do it, on my own time, show it to them* when the universe* bring us together again*, this Thursday*....

I get giddy about...

Last night, my good friend, one of the only ones I've got, since I'm so darn impenetrable and difficult, heavy, serious, enigmatic, like, who wants that.... scary.... unless you can market yourself, like some people master the art of, like, hats off to those people, who make me feel like I'm deficient in some way or other, give me something to aspire to....

Anyways my friend was rejoicing at the way certain 80's music makes him oh so excited that he can't help but dance and shout.

and I can't help thinking, if I'm possibly about to die at any moment, now, or... now, or now,now!? then would I be satisfied, at peace with the way things about me are to be leftover? Frankly, not at all, (I still haven't read Proust!!!) I mean somewhat, (I have read Pascal and Montaigne...) but it's always hard to see yourself for yourself, as you actually are, is it not, it could be just me that's confused, others

seem to have it all so straight, all figured out, or they take a different approach, that is, they appear to, or do in actuality, which appalls me, not give two spurts of a thought to it, they just are.... and it works, for some. I'd like to know more about all of that. "Make yourself before you break yourself", is that what they say, something like that.....? It's probably a front.

So I find myself thinking I ought to try to create a physical, realized, visible, concrete replica, mirror reflection of myself, back to myself, so as to better understand and see myself. I've become quite obsessed with this.. process, but somehow, there's more to it, you see, it's a multi-faceted-dimensional type of thing, because furthermore, it all tunes in, aligns itself with my consciousness... at other times, simply vanishes beneath the recognizable surface leaving me in splendid oblivion, carefree and in the moment, stunted in a cushioned room, bouncing off the walls makes it more exciting but the ultimate frustration is.... Or, I'm too easily distracted, by the myriad other possible things I have to, ought to, want to be doing, (so little time.....!!!!) (or is it called "undeterminism") having applied a fraction of the time and energy to completely go through with, well anything.... continuous constant turmoil. That's no way to live is it, I owe it to life and to my parents to be my best possible self. BORING. Enough of this. Go big or go home.

.....I love Family Guy, 40's, 50's, even 60's style, (btw, how DOES style develop, and why is there a new distinguished one every decade, what IS that, anthropology better have the answers, or else) (duh) cool-casual-chic, that is, soft, alluring, calm, voluptuous, smart, intelligent, wise, witty charm. What else, oh I have excellent taste, I know what's good, but when it comes to producing some of it myself, it's another story. As you can hopefully see,

I'm totally self-indulgent. Notice how I'm all for this diary-journal-blog shtick where I can write all about myself all I want laadeadaeeda on and on, forever, just gibberish fluff all about myself, no structure no form, no content really, just.... might as well do this: sdjkhskahgljkd-hfglh sdgkfhskdj skhfaiehk j khkhxmajdkh sechgvjbkn dsfgrgadhkhscsajgl flgawluerglweuiy liwu4yt8 47 268 724to87 t2tp527

*note to self: refine music library
anyways, the scribbletype* doesn't really do it for me, I find I get some kind of kick out of this actual writing after all, if you can call it that, and well why oughtn't one, who says what goes! I mean, when I write essays, I feel like I'm baking cookies... oh and otherwise, the entire rationale and reason behind what's being done is nullified completely. Eureka! That means.... there is some kind of rationale and reasoning to what I'm doing, seeing as I find it so hard, and I think about this a lot, to figure out what to do and why, and.. well I have a jolly time deciding on all these things.... it's simply the best.

I also don't like to acknowledge my negative aspects so much, try to focus on the positive, but for instance... my inner control freak... got to have it my way, can't trust anyone else with the job, no one's as capable as me me me me me me me me me emememememememe, superimpose that with vicious laziness, NOT ineptitude! ("A social skill is any skill facilitating interaction and communication with others. Social rules and relations are created, communicated, and changed in verbal and nonverbal ways. The process of learning such skills is called socialization." -In Google, type: "define: ineptitude"; 3rd definition.)* It's just, I don't control my appetites, my fantasies, I have no will power, very little, I'd say 8%, I just go with the flow of what I feel inside, if I feel it, I'm acting on it, I mean, is discipline even good? Or is "right" the word. What would Kant say...!? (As compared



to Father?) Oh and I'm not very willing to compromise, usually dislike people right off the pitch, feel undignified in trying to be agreeable, likable, I've done the conforming thing believe me, it feels like selling your soul to the dogs, (just an expression, dogs are great, noble, compassionate, genuine, fun-loving beings) and having someone stomp smear shit all over it with their big bulky hiking boots.....

Anyways, what I was going to say is this: he (my 80's loving friend) asked me what I get excited about, besides other people and having a good time and whatnot, what is it that really turns me on, and, upon earnestly attempted reflection, I say, I don't really know...! Couldn't come up with a damn thing worthy as an answer, there are certain things of course, good movies, anything good, real quality stuff, maybe I can be one of those... critics - world always needs more of those... but nothing really came to mind that really hit the spot. Anxiety: do I not know myself enough, have more developing to go through? Like what the hell.... I mean, this morning my dad told me he achieved astro-projection for the first time, that is, he went out of body, and saw himself in the mirror with a snorkeling mask. The night before, I watched Saddam Hussein's execution on YouTube, finally, was shaken, went back to watching Mad Men but couldn't stop thinking about it....

and all in between, had this dream..... (after an annoying whatfeltlikemonthlongdryspell) this hot female teacher was into being sexual and striptease-ish in class, and we all had these low, pinkish, cushioned, swivel armchairs, and I was the new girl, all shy, naturally, watching, awestruck as the teacher first snaps open her button-up shirt to expose her bulbous, stretch-marked breasts suspended in what seemed like mid-air, as the bra holding them up was overbearingly outshone... then she picked the girl adjacent to me and started grinding up with her from behind, soon quickly exclaiming, "here comes the one-minute nightmare!" indicating the oncoming mouth to mouth convergence, turning the girl's head to face her own, (the girl was Tabitha, from eighth grade, wearing a ruffled silver-white wig....) plunging their lips together. Rather passionately. Then, the fat slob of the class who was also the talented performer-lyricist begins to sing to me, as the new girl, forewarning me to never sit in the assigned seat that the teacher gives us, so as to earn her respect by defying her....

Go ahead, be startled, or appalled, or both, yes, preferably both. You want fame and power don't you, like, what are your values and ideals exactly.... well, I have trots of my own don't you know, wink* wink* -I'm sure we can figure something out. In the mean time, just eat this. See what happens, how you'll feel. Or else don't front about how you aim to be controversial and shit. Just stfu* If the medium really is the message then why the hell do we bother going out of our way to try and say something original... There are what only like, I can count on my fingers how many different media outlets there really are - well lets see: print: newspaper/magazine/book, digital: online/film/video/photography/art: dance/installation/etc., etc. Um, did I miss anything? (Isn't listing just grand!) Oh right, television, graphic, physical, live/verbal manifestaitons, which is all still written, thought out, planned out, (tis our burdensome capability after all, and is to be expected). So, it all more or less boils down to communication... or goal-oriented, or not, expression. It's ok, nothing to feel guilty over, we're driven to behave like this. It's so funny from the outside though, I mean I could just die, like, "EAT THIS OR DIE! It's not that bad, it can actually be pretty nice sometimes." Swim or sink type of deal, swimming good, sinking bad. So cool. But funny. I don't know, I can't help it.... So... although there are many ways of expressing something, (oh thank you, thank you world, for this vast spectrum of possibility!) it is the

message that is primary and dictates the medium, the medium acting solely as auxiliary. Yes, it can make or break - it can maximize the potential effect of the message, or minimize, if applied carelessly, inappropriately... But that's just it, key word: potential; the actual outcome depends on the skill of the intermediary between the before and the after. Don't get caught up in 100% efficiency either, that's just an abstract ideal to help motivate us, it isn't actually possible. Anywho, the exact formulaic analysees are still being worked out. So, they (the medium and the message) are counterparts, then, friends, the most important of the sort since hmm... input-output? Frenemies...? Have to think more about that one.

Oh, as for forms of output, don't forget improv! That's the best one. That's what I did here. It seems. But cheers to achieving maximum potential. I'm giddy!

No this won't do at all..... this is supposed to be my first piece of professional published work, and it's garbage.

I can't come up with anything. ☹



CON'T FROM PAGE 9

you set those things as best as you want, you pass it down the line, and if they want, they can change it into something completely different. It's one of my favourite things about using digital stuff, although it takes a lot of power away from the people behind the camera in certain respects. If a DP spends an hour devising his look and then it can be changed in editing, his control is dwindling. Being a DP is a hard job, a very respected job, and with a colourist or a good data management tech who understands that, if that is maintained, then their respect and control stays in place. But there's always the option for that to be thrown out the window now. The same goes for audio, but obviously audio technology is way ahead of video when it comes to working in a digital medium, because we've had Pro Tools for years and we've used a digital format with virtual instruments and virtual processing for quite some time. This is only just becoming an actualization in video now, and in now I mean in the past five years or so.

JMA: Does anything else come to mind? With regard to problems in the industry I mean.

JM: They're no real issues I guess except that and certain mentalities. When I was training, some people thought that I should do as much as possible to learn, and other people thought that I should do nothing but watch to the point that they tried to give me crap for touching a cable on the camera, when really the point was to help them because they were fumbling and they're people waiting on them and you're supposed to be part of a team. I had an individual have to stop himself from threatening me because I touched a cable. That mentality is something I don't understand. The worst thing I ever had someone tell me was, "Don't think. You're not here to think." That same person, I named them to every other individual I ever worked with that I respected, and one at a time in a single conversation, they'd say, "Oh I hate them!" or "That guy is crazy!" It went to show that not everyone is the same. They're certain circles of people that get along, people that don't, and the reasons are clear. But that doesn't weigh in on who is or isn't successful and that's another problem with the industry. It should be based on your talents and your ability to work with others, and for reasons that are beyond me, that's not

always the case. Other than that, it's a great industry to be in if you can handle the lifestyle. You work sixty to seventy-five hours a week, you don't sleep much, you're fed; but it's such a methodical line of work that you need to have a strong will. You need an understanding family, partners, because it can put a lot of weight on how you are with your peers. Otherwise, everything's pretty good. If you like it, you love it, and those things don't matter, because it's understood that you're doing what you want to be doing.

JMA: Do you think the industry caters equally to both sexes? You mentioned "boys club," but maybe I shouldn't have taken that literally.

JM: Sure, I've worked with DPs who'll only allow his assistants to be women, but the production I'm currently working on is predominantly women. I've met female camera operators, female focus pullers, who are just as respected as anyone else in the position. It's why I corrected myself as soon as I said "boys club," which gives the connotation that it's men dealing with these things. What I meant is that only certain people trust each other and they're the only people that work. There's no stereotyping in the industry. Everyone is equal to those respects, which is nice.

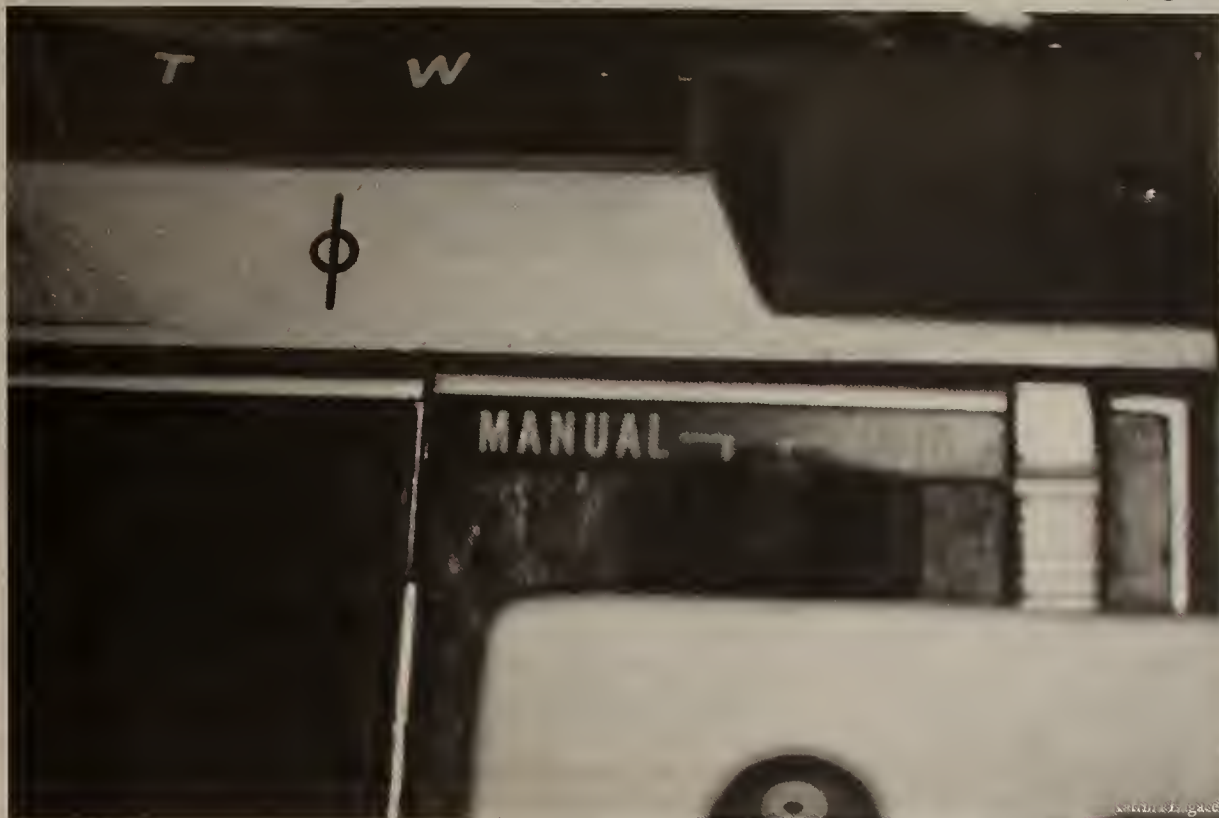
JMA: If you find yourself on a gig where you don't like the quality or content that's being doled out, do you bracket that out and still try to turn out a great product?

JM: Atmosphere has everything to do with an artistic piece and there have been times when people may not agree with what they've been directed to do and the product has always suffered because of it. Whether or not that is apparent to the viewer, having it happened that way unbeknownst to them, I don't know. But I can tell when that level of care wasn't there in the work. And when that happens, it's normally obvious, because it also affects the actors I find, especially with child actors. Directors could be yelling and screaming on set and the actors about to do a take are usually blind to it - they're usually off getting hair and make-up done, staying in the right mind frame. But I've been in situations where they come in and go, "What the hell is going on?" and it affects the way they deliver, and whether or not this is a good thing is subjective to what you're making and what the intent is. But that usually happens only when things are off schedule and

people are in a rush to make their day. This is all before it hits the editing floor, and that can make it irrelevant, because it's only one aspect of the process. But it definitely has input. If a show has a lot of money to throw at things, and if it takes more time, usually the quality of the product takes precedence. If you work on a feature, it could take you six hours to roll on a scene. You work on a low-budget Canadian drama, that six hours could be twenty minutes, and then you need to move on to something else.

JMA: What's the next thing that's on people's radar in the industry? Do you have a sense of the general direction TV or movies are going in? Are there changes in the wings?

JM: It's hard to say. The one thing I do know is that things are getting a lot cheaper from a technical aspect. You used to be able to get a good payment out of just your kit rental alone and the stuff you used to do your job. A second camera assistant could get five hundred dollars a week for their carts, bags, and office gear. Now you get maybe hundred to a hundred seventy-five bucks for the same stuff and that's become the norm. There's a lot less money than there used to be for the same stuff. That, in conjunction with the fact that things are getting cheaper, could mean a lot more bad television. It's much easier to make and they're more people willing to work for whatever they can get. This goes back to what I was saying earlier, but it's remarkable to me that equipment that will capture at a level that we can't even project these days like the Red Epic is accessible to a high-level consumer. It's a lot easier for people to make what they want now and be of the same quality that you would need a big budget to do, aside from talent, lighting, sets, etc. It's opening a lot of doors for people to just make what they want. It'll provoke change, but what that change will be is unclear to me. It's similar to how the record companies developed the idea of the three hundred sixty degree deal, where they have to cover everything from marketing to recording to distribution. There's no such thing as making all your money from selling CDs anymore and I think it's similar in television. Anyone who's keen on computers knows what a torrent file is and will download most things rather than pay for it. Distribution is a whole other issue now. A lot of people, if it's really good, they'll buy a DVD compilation of a season. The idea where the people making music make most of



their money through concert and merchandise now, there's nothing like that for television. Maybe it's a bit different for movies, because really, who's going to have that size of screen in their place with that type of sound system? For television, it shouldn't be considered a threat that people are downloading and bypassing broadcast. Living in Canada, I'd be more inclined to pay for the broadcast if it was of a higher quality. In SD, it's not even transmitted to the format that fits my television natively, or any modern television that is based on a 16:9 ratio. Everything is letterboxed because of the way they transmit the format. I know it's not necessarily the case in other places. It's easy to download something that was captured in another area, get high definition rips straight off of the television, and distribute it. Not to say that you can't do that here, but if you did it with a standard rip, the product is so degraded when it gets to you that it's hardly worth paying for. I think if that was fixed, enthusiasts would be a lot more inclined to pay for what they're getting.

JMA: The final product doesn't always show the process that's buried under the layers of work. I'm curious about how certain norms of

representation are passed down, like dynamic treatments of space. How does that translate amongst those working in film? Close-ups are really prevalent now, the shot-reverse-shot has never lost its currency...

JM: In a perfect world, there's the director and the director of photography. The director is responsible for how to go about telling a story, and how the actors should do this, how the perspective of the viewer should be generally. The DP's job is to make that possible. Ideally, the director might be like, "Okay, we're gonna look at it this way, on this axis, from this point of view," and should go to his DP and ask, "Does this work? How do we make this work?" In trust, he should let the DP work with his team - being the camera crew, the lighting crew, the grip crew - to make that happen. It should be an amalgamation of both of those people and all the people in the hierarchy beneath them. That doesn't always happen, but when it does, you have people focussing on the right things and it's phenomenally better. Like a director who's more interested in the performance of the actors rather than how the cameras are capturing it, because it should really be the DP's concern. But I've seen

directors overstepping bounds and not really giving the DP the respect that is deserved, and it turns into a mess. Alternately, I've worked in positions where that trust is there. It's constantly a power struggle. A DP is on for the entire season of a television show. He's there every day to control the look and to make it the same. In most cases, it's one DP for continuity alone and a different director per episode. The DP's job is to make sure things are clear and consistent from a visual side. The director's job is to get the most out of the situation. It's very easy for television to be a sausage factory and you use typical things, like fifty-fifties, two-shots, blah blah blah, to tell a story as quickly and concisely as possible, but every once in a while you get someone who wants to see it from an entirely novel perspective and do an artistic take on it and it's always refreshing. ☺

Discovering DANIEL GRAY, A NEW LOCAL SOUND *By Vincent Ho*

Having exhausted my ears through an already swamped mess of music, either flooded on my desktop or just from my own glazed eyes whenever browsing through my music player, it's unusually surprising to me when there's something to be discovered.

Having only known a couple of months and having had only some relatively brief exchanges with local Torontonians Musician Daniel Gray, I realized that his charm is a little more than a mere interest in music. A student by day and musician by night, or vice versa, Gray is a little unassuming to impressions with his scarf, mid-day beard, scruffy hair and possibly reserved disposition. You might've

seen him busking around the metro stations around town, playing the one-man band version of his (one-man band) songs for charity donations (and raking it in as well!). It could even be said that you've probably even have had some classes with him.

Being blessed with a studio, and under the tutelage of his father (an experienced professional with music engineering and recording), he finds time independently creating cheery, slightly melancholic pop songs with a sound that shares a close-semblance to Sufjan Steven meeting the Brooklyn group The National. Regardless of whether or not you think that's a compliment, the sound is warm, soft, and glows at all the right moments.

Much of it taps around ornate pop rhythms with steady building melodies, backed by Gray himself bellowing or in unison with his own voices, and steady drums and chimes that create a cohesive if not excellent blend of melodic rhythm. If there's any indication of greatness to be witnessed from his 2009 EP, it's that you'd be hard-pressed to dismiss it with its lavish production values and surprising breadth (moving from Arcade Fire-esque riffy guitar pop to acoustic ballads). Having played all his own instruments, organized and engineered his music, Daniel can be seen in the footsteps of another artist with a similar name, Dan Snaith (of Manitoba/Caribou). Having only played live a couple of times, he admits it's hard work to get all the different sounds he wants and



replaying it in a live setting, but that's artist talk for you.

Keen on releasing a new record, Daniel has worked feverishly to record and mix his new work in a mini-studio in the basement, which he dubs "The Furnace Room". Set for a fall release in 2010, he envisions his latest work as having a new direction for his music, growing out of what's expected or familiar to him. Planning ten new songs along with a cover of the song "Playground" by Snowglobe, it seems a pretty concise plan of action with new sounds and inspirations like classical contemporaries such as Steve Reich and John Adams, along with more psychedelic and post-rock influences. Regarding his own vocals as instruments, it's clear that Daniel is bent on doing everything he can to cultivate the new album, but strongly asserts that most of it will be a pop-oriented sound.

If there's any indication on the album, it's obvious that the element of Time is an immediate motif, even invoking a reaction to his previous EP "A Future's Past," which is interesting given how both tracks were written shortly after its release.

Gray has been focused on promoting two of the singles from the album, "Crazy" and "Time Out," which showcase an almost different side - melodic pop tunes that seem to blossom from intriguingly shimmering soundscapes. Looking even deeper, it's clear he's been influenced by krautrock bands of the seventies, borrowing Neu! or even Faust's interest in hazy murky sounds and the immediateness of a mellotron for smoothing out pop songs to their most heartwarming and fulfilling. These being the singles, it makes one wonder what the rest of the album could sound like; if there's any worthwhile estimation, it's that pop melodies are going to be a solid foundation and likely a building block from which to spring Gray's unique influences upon. With "Time Out," a clear single deviating from expectations with its Sigur Ros-inspired bowed guitar, a guitar riff right out of The Beatles' "Getting Better," and a whopping bass to top things off, the track roars especially with Gray's backup piercing right through it all. Much of it is rather contemplative, since the lyrics dwell on musings about wasted days, opportunities and regret, even though it comes off cheerier than you'd expect with those emotions. "Crazy" also noticeably takes a page from Can with

its bouncy robotnik rhythms, complimented with Sparklehorse-inspired mellotron swells, countered with simple guitar lines keeping the melodies, and rich harp decorations that shimmer to boost a really nice, bouyant sound.

I normally don't do things like this, but Daniel is a unique artist and a straight up guy, so it doesn't hurt to support local talent and help out Canadian musicians deserving of a break. Some artists aspire to have the talent of dudes like Daniel (with an amazing EP to boot), so give his music a run-through if you're not afraid or too jaded to enjoy things these days. It also doesn't hurt to spread the word. Give Daniel a bump the next time it's recommendation day on your music week. You might just be surprised to discover his followers.

Daniel's music can be found at <http://danielgraymusic.com> or at <http://www.myspace.com/danielgraysongs>, where you can stream his new songs from his upcoming album. ☺

THE OTHER SIDE

By Scott A. Williams

I tapped my fingers on the cafe table. There was a newspaper in front of me, but leafing through it had failed to catch my interest. I sat, chin propped on my hand, elbow on the table, gazed out the window at the city street, and slowly stirred my coffee with a spoon. On the horizon were clouds, but over here the sky was blue. Sipping, my eyes wandered the street until I saw her, standing on the corner on the far side.

She was wearing a white sundress, with thin straps resting on her shoulders. She had sunglasses dangling on a necklace, resting just between her cleavage. Her form was so thin, so exquisite, yet so authentic. The dress flared out at the hips, making her look curvier. It

billowed in the breeze around her bare legs.

She didn't cross when the walk signal changed; she stood and looked around attentively, waiting for somebody. Her long dark hair fluttered against the wind, obscuring her face for just an instant until, with a flick of her hand, she swept it away. It rested behind her ears, framing her cheekbones; her deep brown eyes I could barely make out from the distance. When she turned her head, I saw an earring glisten in each ear.

A fire truck passed between us without its siren on. I wondered if it would rain and soak her dress through. From this distance she appeared to be wearing no bra.

She shifted impatiently in place. I now watched intently, not glancing at my mug as I sipped the last drops. Her eyes grew sullen with disappointment. Her knees twitched. She tapped her foot - if I'd been close enough, I would have heard the click-click sound of it. The longer I watched, the more I worried she'd see me, but safely across the street, behind a window with the sun glaring off it, I was

invisible. I felt my heart flutter at that thought. The walk signal changed again, this time to her left. She turned her body away from me and her posture straightened up. A man walked over to greet her and they embraced, kissing deeply. The last I saw of her face was that it was glowing with delight.

They crossed to this side of the street and I looked away, back to my empty coffee cup. I waved down a waitress. The bell on the door jingled as someone entered. I looked to see whether it was them, but in this moment I watched the woman and her man pass, arm in arm, by the window, not even glancing my way. I sighed.

The waitress arrived at my table. "Another cup, Miss?"

"Yes," I said, and then apologized for the lipstick marks on the rim. ☺

MY OLD BEAUTY

By Jean Marc Ab-Sen

"What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in man is that he is a going-across and a down-going."

- Nietzsche

Old Mr. Blum was good for it, and though worse for wear, his betters knew the truth too. Blum woke every morning to the muffled sound of his own shivering, his ankles and shoulders bristling against the furred tips of his coverlet the size of a small bath towel. With the clockwork of precision, he would stumble out of his home recklessly and shuttle his way to the local cooperative in search of a cure for his world-weariness. He searched high, but not low, scoured the paths, hunched between book aisles, but found himself each time squarely faced with the asperities of rejection. Modern exhortations held little hope, not to one who had heard every encouragement to bathhouses, freight trains, orphan love, women of the Left Bank, rejuvenators, Smollett, and the Museum of Contemporary Ideas. His search began when he was but a lad of six, endeared to his mother because of the way his ears turned wet then solid in her soft hands. How he believed all the things people had confessed to, even concerning the nature and shape of his own lugs, so much so that the thought of confirming their particulars never once crossed his daft little head. The Boy with a Thousand Ears they had called him, those not restricted by the circumspection of good sense. Cauliflowers, acorns, ginger roots, and oxters: all had become dispensable articles in the torments of comparison young boys were wont to exchange in. Such analogies to the forsaken objects of the world aided Blum's search, expanded his repertoire of knowledge, and further engaged his tunnelling preoccupation with a fascinating world.

The doors to such enlightenment however, remained determinedly shut upon Blum's arrival. He considered alternative sites that might surrender to his down-at-heel thumb-throughing. After narrowing down his options considerably, he found himself unable to decide between finally the Bedant home and the police station. Realizing quickly the false dilemma, however, he instead opted to pay a visit to his friend Jaime McCubbin, the irritant garagist, instead. They two were like a right pair of milk duds, and made a point to see one another weekly. The two made a droll pair, Blum with his spider legs hair flattened out like crumbling columns, and McCubbin with his dragging bent fly-feet. The two rarely ever spoke, indulging instead in the silences advanced by brief, portentously phrased arguments over the mnemonics of inspiration. But today Blum could feel something stirring, feel the natural arrangement of things slowly begin to stifle under the strain.

- By faith, McCubbin, what's the use in all this? All this shuffling around, coming up short, and then living to tell about it?

- It's a fine question Blum. Have you the answer?

- Yes, I think I do. And it concerns the nature of Facts.

- What do you mean exactly by Facts?

- There is the existence of Facts and Objects. And then there is the non-existence of Facts and Objects.

- I don't follow your meaning.

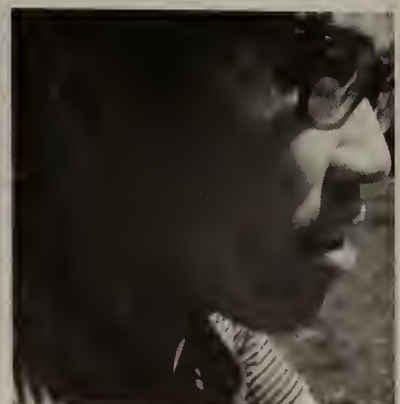
- Let me try again. There are Facts, which are states of affairs. Another way put, things that are the case: that you are here with me is a Fact, which may or may not have sense, that I will inevitably leave to visit a police station, that I will awake tomorrow still in search for objects and people that will abet a well-placed confidence in the likelihoods of happiness.

And then there are things, which we could stipulate, would upset the integrity of those or other Facts, call their existence into question. In which case they would not be Facts at all in the first place, and whereof we would be unable to further discuss them as such. They would be Facts without sense. In each of these cases, it must be said, our knowledge of those Facts comes through propositions - language and thought.

- What would the inexistence of a Fact look like, hmm? How would you know?

- You would know if you were shown, shown how the structures of language mirror the structures of Facts, by demonstrably limiting what can be thought by outlining what cannot be thought; what can and cannot be said. But you would never be able to appreciate my meaning without it - the understanding. One would have to engage in this limiting of thoughts to understand, you see. To produce a logical picture of Facts: a picture, said with finality, with or without sense. Because a thought is a picture form of the propositional Fact, which in turn is also a picture form of the Fact itself. And the propositional Fact is merely the reflected totality of things, of states of affairs and the objects that comprise them - actual and possible - which I might add again, we can individually refer to as possessing sense or non-sense. Everything else, as a matter of course, falls by the wayside.

Blum then headed east at the conclusion of his little palaver with his favourite companion. He had decided in the course of his dialogue to visit the police station because he could never endure the boisterous Bedant home come past one in the afternoon. It was one thing to have unruly children bite and claw at you ankles when their mother was too busy attending to more



pressing matters; it was another issue entirely to refrain from swatting the provoking bastards when also contending with an incomparable enemy in the form of the triumphing sun.

The police doors, unlike those of the cooperative, here relented, and Blum was sure to remove his cap in the presence of those in service of Her Royal Majesty. His soles began to squeal against the frowsy carpet while he proceeded past an array of misadventurous criminals. He admired the scenes before him, but told himself without a depletion of urgency, that his search could not end here. He looked towards the ceiling and appeared almost in supplication, in the hopes that someone could lend a liberating light to his confusion. He heard gentlewomanly footsteps echoing from the upper floor, trading insults with his flatfeet and scuff-heels.

A tap on the shoulder, like other preludes to disaster, served as a reminder that Blum would have to move apace if his search would ever come to an end. By reflex, Blum's moaning-groaning searched out, as good a means as any to determine, by the responder's reaction, the range of hostility contained within the poking digit. A besotted, leaky faucet of a face, not unlike those found on the outlying tips of society's discredited periphery – or of Blum's own, for that matter – stared hard, almost into the back of Blum's eyes, looking for motives that may not have resided there. Blum stepped forward blindly towards the crooking finger and surrendered to the consolidated grip of a bricklayer. When the clamping-handles relented, Blum peeked and recognized the thumbs for the hands of Constable Waterhouse, who had always looked down on poor, diminutive Blum with as close to tolerance as humanly possible when acquainted with a frothed piss-rag playing for keeps.

- Blum, the ruddy Devil's Workshop! This bodes well, a madman in the halls of justice.

- Waterhouse, Waterhouse. I'll just as soon be on my way if you can tell what I come here to know. Rounds are rounds are rounds.

- Well listen to Jimmy Clitheroe here making demands! The line of applicants has dropped a jot recent, if you must know. Slackening like the slack we've been cutting you for years, wot? When will you learn chum? Not a place of comfort, *his* stories. Stay out and go back to that roofless house of yours and never come back.

- Bit of trouble I heard, with them Polari-speaking fellers. Five will get you ten you've got something for my troubles in there, with that lot. I'll live up to the Standards Waterhouse, I know I can. You've just got to give me the chance. Let me talk to them and let me learn what they know. I need to know how to get me way in.

- Look how he give it mouth! Bah! You'll not rate with that Macready boy, or anyone else bucko. Drury Lane is where you belong; no rubbing elbows with flatulating soothsayers, nickel-bobbing cult-leaders, and heavy-hearted rhapsodes. You're not weird enough boy, you haven't got the ballocks for it. You'll not compare to Virahallaloo and Zatylnys. You've got to have the right stuff! He'll mark you a mile away, and won't think twice to look the other direction.

- You glom a small bit part in *Quongs* and start thinking you're in a two-hander, self-satisfied as a wanker's dot plot and lording it in your police house. I got the nerve, I have no end in sight you filthy cock bastard. Not like you counting your chits instead of making another play. Step aside thunderfuck – here come the Facts! Hand me that application form.

In Consideration of the payment or of

the promise of payment to me/us of \$ FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ONE THOUSAND Dollars (\$561,000), I/we hereby release and forever discharge *JEAN MARC AH-SEN*, from any and all actions, causes of actions, claims and demands, for damages, loss or injury, howsoever arising, which heretofore may have been or may hereafter be sustained by me/us in consequence of *newspaper rubbish* including all damage, loss and injury not now known or anticipated but which may arise in the future and all effects and consequences thereof.

AND FOR THE SAID CONSIDERATION I further agree not to make any claim or take any proceedings against any other person or corporation who might claim contribution or indemnity under the provisions of the Negligence Act and the Amendments thereto from the person, persons or corporation discharged by this release.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED that the said payment or promise of payment is deemed to be no admission whatsoever of liability on the part of the said RELEASEE.

AND I/WE hereby authorize and direct the releasee to pay the said consideration as follows:

To:..... FREDERICK MYTTON, ADDY STREETER, SERGEANT AH-SEN, DJORDJE MANTZIOS, MARY-JO MORRISON, MEHITABEL VIRAHALLALOO, MAUREEN IT, GYK ZATYLYN, MARTIN FRIEDBERGER, DOCTOR FBKMERKLOSHER, ZAFITIG ANNA, KUNO SCHLEMIHL, DOLPHINE LEBONVENT, LE GROS BOUDOUF, GEORGE MACREADY, CONSTABLE WATERHOUSE, et al.....\$561,000.00

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I/we have hereunto set my/our hand this 15th day of *September 2010*.

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED in the presence of *Katrina Lagacé, Editor-In-Chief of the Innis Herald*

CON'T ON PAGE 19

ALMOST THERE

By J. MacDonald Lee

Dark stores shine by the lights of our passing streetcar. Raindrops cling to the sides, holding on against the winds that carried them there. I can see the reflection of myself and other passengers across the street. Layered windows twist our faces into facades of the inhuman, manifestations that cannot be peeled away. As the wheels move forward I find myself gradually slipping back into the darkness of sleep and of another world. An ocean spreads before me. My thoughts are cast to the warm winds.

Someone pulls the cord – Ding – and I awake to the sounds of metal wheels slowly screeching to a halt. When the front doors slide open two old women enter. Years of climbing those streetcar steps have taken their toll. The two women sit in front of me as they do every morning. Facing the back of their heads I sit and stare. Almost there.

“Y’know Elizabeth’s son ‘as been accepted ta university.”

“O yeah, what he study?”

“Political science or some other easy bird course. Pssh! Say whatever ya think. How can ya be wrong if it’s just yur opinion!”

Darkness envelops me again. Body heat pulsates through my sheets. The woman who will never say my name exhales warm air onto my neck.

Ding. Time to get off. Red light. I exit the car behind those women. Smells of rain and hog feces hang in the cool morning air. Green light. Others follow as we make our way to the factory floor. A neighbourhood sits run down in the dark. Children’s toys and tricycles cover the lawns catching garbage as it passes. Raccoons run from us as we approach.

In the distance Claire parks her car. I’ve never seen her face, only her eyes and a name on an overcoat, but I can still recognize her. She reaches for her keycard and spins the large metal turnstile. Moments later I do the same. Soon the morning smells are replaced with chlorine and low murmurs. Deeper into the factory I pass by the remnants of last night’s shift. Unseen horns emit a soft abrrrrrr that reaches a blaring VVVVVOOOOHHHMM. Entire rooms are covered with soap shot from shuffling bodies holding pressure hoses. White froth crawls down the walls to the floor. All the while a soapy auger spins futilely in a large metal container. I try to avoid getting the fluids on my shoes.

Left left left 54. Right right 25. Left 37.

“Hello Tricia.” Seductive looks give no response. Her tape is worn and peeling. I trade in my running shoes for rubber-boots, my flat cap for a plastic helmet.

“Just a cup a’coffee, please.”

“Sure. Dollar-fifty.”

“Thanks.” Sugary filth. It does no good. I sit and stare at the cafeteria clock sipping my too hot brownish brew. Almost time to go.

“Heya buddy. How’s it goin?”

“Not bad.” More lie than truth, though it’s hard to tell at times.

“Before ya leave I wanted to show ya something. Check this out. Whadaya think a her?” He reaches into his thermal jacket and begins to unfold a glossy sheet. Creases run through clefts and all the fleshy curves lead to a single point. Pointing downward and radiating up and out. Up up up, out out out. Time to go.

II

Near a set of steep metal stairs leading to the cutting room, a line of men, more reminiscent of a hoard, wait for gloves. Hairy smiles and sleepy eyes push and pull, they move like a single entity ready to finish the day. Gloves in hand, a cold blast hits me as I open the cutting room door. I’m here. Moving the metal table and rubber matt into position I wait and wait.

Ba-bum! Ba-bum!

My first boxes fall in the metal chutes. Place both hands on each flap. Lift up, pull out. Place it on the table. Grab the bag. Open the bag. Let the air in. Wrap the open end around the box flaps. Push the bag in. Pull the opening over the flaps. Push the bag in. Pull the opening over flaps. Push the bag in. Slide prepared box under the meat tray. Place both hands on each flap. Lift up, pull out.

Ba-bum! Ba-bum!

Slowiak uses his arms to sweep neck bones into the rectangular boxes. Tray empty, he leans against the large meat chute and naps. Chen slaps hog fat into a short square box making different patterns with the pinkish white pieces. Every so often, when two stick together, he inserts his thumb between the lumps and peels them apart.

Ba-bum! Ba-bum!

Place her on the table. Grab the bag. My thin facemask drags against my stubble. I tighten the metal strip over my nose. Darkness ensues as I slip into my drudgery. I wonder what would happen if the consciousness of a man and a woman were switched. Would they eventually change given the physical



Chris Webb

differences? Open the bag. Let me in.

Ba-bum! Ba-bum!

Darkness.

Ba-bum! Ba-bum!

Workers remove off their gloves and run down the stairs to their break. Time moves quickly in the blackness of waking sleep. I leave my gloves and throw away my facemask. While others fly down the steps I take my time and still nearly trip. After fighting for my seat in the cafeteria I finally begin to eat. There's too much cheese in this sandwich! It overpowers the meat.

I leave the cafeteria and head back upstairs. Finding a new mask and putting on cotton gloves offers me a moment to myself in the quite emptiness of the cold room. There are enough boxes for the time being. Darkness. Belle glides through a small town in France singing about her day. Gaston follows, refusing the women who want him. He enters Belle's house and forces himself upon her.

Ba-bum! Ba-bum!

Belle resists. Gaston falls in the mud humiliated. Large chunks of product stop moving through the machines. Conveyor belts present nothing as they spin along their tracks. We stand and wait, passing the time by flinging bits of fat at one another. The silence of the cutting room ends with a sudden noise in the distance.

Click-click-clack-click!

Moving slowly down the long corridor they stare at the ground with eyeless sockets. Dripping pink husks roll along a track suspended from the ceiling. Metal hooks dig

into their legs preventing them from falling to the ground below.

Click-click-clack-click!

Workers wearing long white coats and plastic aprons walk alongside, ceremoniously opening dead bellies to expose their freshly hollowed insides. They push and pull toward spinning saws.

Click-click-clack-click!

The column stops to add more carcasses. Flaps of skin that once supported skulls sway back and forth. They reach their destination and we're ready. Soon product moves on conveyor belts and pours through chutes.

Claire walks over to our section of the floor taking notes on our performance. An oddly shaped Portuguese foreman walks with her. Stand straight. Look busy. The foreman tells a joke. Even through their facemasks and helmets I can tell he is the only one laughing. She observes our work and moves on. Nothing. Testicles drop through the neck bone chute. Slowiak laughs and shows them to me questioningly. I make a cupping gesture near my crotch. He laughs again.

III

Finally, our half-hour lunch break. I open my sandwich and peel off the cheese inside, a thick layer of orange with gobs of mustard covering one side. I throw it out and consume my second sandwich. I resume staring at the clock.

"Why you askin' us 'iss! Huh!"

"Relax man, your locker is near his and I just wanna know if you saw anything."

"No, you askin' us 'cause we're Ba-lack! You avert asked anyone else!"

This sandwich is so much better without the cheese.

"It's got nothin' to do with being Black! I asked Portuguese and Asian guys too!"

Another few minutes of work and I can punch out and go home. So little product makes it way to us that no more boxes are needed. Slowiak waves me off and I make my way to the exit. Gloves and facemasks litter the metal steps making them more dangerous than before. At the bottom, I slide through a shoe buffer and walk through a pool of disinfectant. Only at the days end do I seem to be wide-awake.

"Goodbye, Tricia." That same smile bids me farewell. Her comeliness generates a pleasant warmth cool to the touch. Daylight bathes my face as I exit the factory. I pause to let refrigerated trucks speed out of the loading docks. They leave a breeze in their wake. The same two women from this morning stagger in front of me. We pass children playing in their yards near sun-baked feces. Beneath my footsteps I can hear them. Our walk is serenaded by the screams of hungry gulls and dying hogs. 🐷

SUBWAY MORGUE

By George Mantzios

Politeness is the most malicious
Manifestation of aggression

Etiquette is our way of negotiating distances,
War by other means,

Subway carts
Screech
Like dive bombers
Scattering glances...
Apprehensive glances that fumble
Like clumsy grenades

Time becomes oppressive
Like the plastic lighting
That interrogates our features

Silence is radioactive here

Stuttering glances overdose on ads
As though they were clouds —
Shifting platforms where imagination waits- as
apprehensive as Life — for another fantasy

The sticky glaze licked onto the subway floor
confesses a footprint
Only as this sticky film
is time felt in the subway

Catching your reflection in the black window
You become a stranger

At the next stop
You are as awkward as a rhombus
Crooked thoughts slap like violent stains onto
your mind
Where they throb there for a while
Slowly
like a train infected with traffic

Clamouring thoughts sweat
Like palms that
Have held on for too long

I maneuver my surveillance around the land
Marianna Angotti marks of their visions
On my way into their souls,

In that echo
I wonder
at how silence can weigh so much
It drips like a crash
Trying to provoke a sound in the eyes of the
passengers
But dead,
There is no pulse
to their poses
Only that icy glaze that blankets their numb-
ness like dirt blankets a coffin ☹



Chris Webb

THAILAND TORN APART

By Yerim Jung

The situation in Thailand is unavoidable even outside the country with newspaper headlines showing vivid pictures of burning buildings and army troops scattered on the streets of Bangkok. It is hard to understand, as Canadians who live far across the ocean in a country where the voice of the people is often heard, that the fight for a fair democratic election means a path to bloodshed. In Thailand, the division cannot be clearly defined as a struggle between the two protest groups, the Red Shirts and the Yellow Shirts, or merely the poor against the rich, it is a separation between the people themselves. . .

It is strange that even though it is my country and my people, and that it is all happening less than an hour distance away from my own home,

it is almost like looking through a window. You see and hear what's happening but you're not really there. Really, I don't know any more than people in other countries. The government is very tight lipped about everything and is only stalling for time, unable to completely choose sides between the Red Shirts and the Yellow Shirts. At school, the teachers don't ever say a word about it, but of course students talk, whether they are true or just rumours, it's hard to tell. All I know and have known since I was born is that I am Thai and am a citizen of Thailand.

On the outside, my life has not changed very much. I still go to school, talk with my friends, and come home to my family. I don't know exactly how many people died or who has lost a friend or family member. All I know and am expected to know is that I'm not allowed to go to downtown anymore or visit one of my favourite shopping malls, which is only a pile of ashes now. But it's hard not to smell the burning metal in the air or notice the grave looks on the adults whose only topic has been of whose cousin was part of the Red Shirts or when which side would finally wave the white flag. My mother snaps easily nowadays and the smallest things such as not putting away the laundry will set her off into a hurl of angry words. Anger. That seems to be the dominant mood

that appears to hang over our neighbourhood. No, maybe to be more exact, hate. You might think that since we are all Thai that we stand by each other no matter what or you might think we side with the protestors who are fighting for our country's rights. But to those who have always lived comfortably in the city, like me, the Red Shirts are to be blamed for the chaos brought to the country and Thaksin, the prime minister that the Red Shirts support is the engineer of the chaos in Thailand. The hate continues to spread, faster than the fires set by the protestors, into the hearts of our people. Recently all I think is why have things happened like this? In the end, there are no winners in this situation. This is what saddens me the most. Even more than the destruction of my hometown, the fact that our people are being torn apart and against each other frightens me. How can we head for a better future when we are not even facing the same direction?

Interview with Thai citizen and my friend,
N.B.H. ☺

CONT'N FROM PAGE 19

- Why Blum, you look as if you've seen a ghost. Here now son, compose yourself. There are ladies of the night here watching. What was that about no end in sight?

- It's a bloody trick. It has to be. It can't be true. I've waited all my bloody life for a chance at the big time and now you're telling me it's over? That the smarmy little git has thrown in the towel! What h-happened - he put his crayons away? He can't be through. He can't.

- Maybe he heard you were coming. Maybe he didn't have the heart to tell you you just weren't plain good enough.

- Have you eaten some hull cheese Waterhouse? Look who you're talking to! Why am I the last to damn well know anything? By Hulch and Stulch, if I find out this is all a ruse you fat todger, I'll grem in your pudding every morning for the rest of our miserable lives. I'm going to have my day in the sun. He promised me what he promised the others - two pages, well-laid out spread. God's wounds! Some

Milesian City Comedy even. He even managed to return the Boudouf's dignity back. I'll return tomorrow my old beauty - you'd best pray to Mother Superior that he's changed his mind, or I'll have every blighter he's ever written about using this station as a bowel stimulant again. I'm able, damnit - you can put money on it. My money. It'll be *Quongs* all over again.

Blum traced his steps in reverse, for the first time in decades in fact, and began to pick at his ears, irritated by the buzzing sound of his formless thoughts. He passed Jaime without noticing, another first. Recognizing Blum's distinctive foot-patter, Jaime bounded out from under a vehicle on blocks and chased his friend down the greenway. At a four-stop, Jaime caught up and asked

- Blum old chap! Good of you come again. Well then, did you find them? Did you find the Facts you were looking for?

- No, no I have not Jaime. Never mind that nonsense. It was... just rubbish. Rubbish I memorized to try to make myself more interesting. To get *him* to notice. He'd been

reading that sort of thing lately, apparently. An idle head is a box for the wind. That's what I've found out about Jean Marc. He's run out: of steam, of ideas, of everything that made life a burnished guardrail. I'll never be rid of this madness. Rack to ruin. The world-weary traveller in me has lost his faith. My God, what a day to realize you're saddled with shit for brains and louts for friends. What a fine ruddy day to realize that no one in the whole wide world will ever know how you have suffered. ☹

Jean Marc d'Isen



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